Enter Clifford, and Warwicke offers to fight with him.

Hold *Warwicke*, and ſeeke thee out ſome other chaſe,
My ſelfe will hunt this Deare to death.

War. Braue Lord, tis for a Crowne thou fights,
Clifford farwell, as I intend to proſper well to day,
It grieues my ſoule to leaue thee vnaſſailde.

Exit Warwicke.

Yorke. Now Clifford, ſince we are ſingled heere alone,
Be this the day of doome to one of vs,
For now my heart hath ſworne immortall hate
To thee, and all the houſe of *Lancaſter*.

Cliffrd. And heere I ſtand, and pitch my foote to thine,
Vowing neuer to ſtir, till thou or I be ſlaine.
For neuer ſhall my heart be ſafe at reſt,
Till I haue ſpoild the hatefull houſe of *Yorke*.

Alarmes, and they fight, and Yorke kils Clifford.

Yorke. Now *Lancaſter* ſit ſure, thy ſinewes ſhrinke,
Come fearefull *Henry* grouelling on thy face,
Yeeld vp thy Crowne vnto the Prince of *Yorke*.

Exit Yorke.

Alarmes, then enter young Clifford alone.

Yong Clifford. Father of Cumberland,
VVhere I may ſeeke my aged Father forth ?
Oh diſmall ſight, ſee where he breathleſſe lies,
All ſmeard and weltred in his luke-warme blood,
Ah, aged pillar of all Cumberlands true houſe,
Sweete father, to thy murdred ghoſt I ſweare
Immortall hate vnto the houſe of *Yorke*,
Nor neuer ſhall I ſleepe ſecure one night,
Till I haue furiouſly reuendge thy death,
And left not one of them to breathe on earth.

He takes him vp on his backe.

And thus as old *Ankiſes* ſonne did beare
His aged father on his manly backe,
And fought with him againſt the bloody Greekes,
Euen ſo will I. But ſtay, heer's one of them,
To whom my ſoule hath ſworne immortall hate.

Enter

Enter Richard, and then Cliffo
him, and Richard flies awa

Out crook'd-backe villaine,
But I will after thee, and on
(When I haue borne my fath
Ile try my fortune better wi

Alarmes againe, and then
of Buckingham

Alarmes ſtill, and th

Queene. Away my Lord,
Make haſt, for vengeance co
Come, ſtand not to expoſtu
King. Come then faire Q
And ſummon vp a Parliame
To ſtop the fury of theſe dy

Alarmes, and then a
Yorke, Ed

Yorke. How now boyes,
I hope to vs and ours, for E
And our great honour, that
Whilſt faint-heart Henry di
But did you ſee old Salsbur
With bloody minds did bu
I would not for the loſſe of
That ought but well betide

Rich. My Lord, I ſaw hi
Charging his Lance with h
And thrice I ſaw him beate
And thrice this hand did ſe
And ſtill he fought with co
The boldeſt ſpirited man th